Memories of Alice Moore were written by Rex.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an adudience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family went or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the CourtHouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lock " He would wail." Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind - only my father was a more present

Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lor " He would wail." Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind, - only my father was a more present help, since he invariably bailed Bill out, and the Lord, seemingly, never paid much attention to him.

We used to bet on the outcome of thetrials, and argue over our fathers' p owers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquited or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Court Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff - legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occassionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter. It nearly broke his heart.

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We remained in our seats straight trhough the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinnr r and heard our fathers' comments on the mornings events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had handed his lettle slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. Those tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hole in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom would result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introducted into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the town hussy, was always the first to depart!

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We remained in our seats straight trhough the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinnr r and heard our fathers' comments on the mornings events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had

kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as Exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We ran in our seats straight trhough the performance until noon recess. Then we ran home to dinnr r and heard our fathers' comments on the mornings events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had hand ed his lettle slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. The tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hose in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a court room result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introducted into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the town hussy, was always the first to depart!

Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my m sical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calomel. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" [illegible] when I am sure I am alone.

was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my [illegible] the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" means; but I can entertain myself when I am sure I am alone.

Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in oru work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occassion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the sigus of it forwer occuptations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our [illegible]

services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the signs of its former occupations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellious at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

never be ours. The question involved [illegible]
the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline, "Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing dedidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences surround their property. Gates are sometimes left open by careless people, and the indictment has been made, too, that several cows have opened gates themselves. Each time a resident arises in the morning and finds his spinach devoured, the Antis gain a convert, and the fighting breaks out afresh.

A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a Pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!